

## HOW THE DAY WILL BE OBSERVED

haps no have, for the dog barks over Lazarus  
while all our eyes are glued to the scene. Rags  
inviting in pictures, he grins and his lines  
for every day, and so we dream, and  
maisons, dedicated to graceful games and  
missions of holy and evergreen. Nothing  
pleasant shall enter the voluptuous and innocent  
little heaven, with its firmament of gas jets, its  
floor wadded with carpets softer than clover, its  
delicate curtains, its brilliant tapestries, its  
illuminated Christmas tree afeame like the  
burning bush, its music and laughter  
and dancing, its warmth, its fervor, its  
repertoires and its attractions. This is the  
kind of Christmas found by the hundred in  
large cities. Its antithesis is found by the thou-  
sand a little way in the back ground. What are  
the components of this unique bit of actual happi-  
ness. Have we reached it when we mention the  
sentiment of home? No. Family affection? No.  
Good health, good humor, animal spirits? No.  
These, doubtless, have something to do with it, but  
by no means everything. What then? We know our  
carnal minded reader will not dissent when we  
reply, plenty of money. The sentiment of home  
and family affection, exquisite attributes both.  
Let it not for one moment be imagined that we  
wish to decry them. All that we claim is that you  
cannot erect upon them and them alone such a  
Christmas celebration as shall satisfy the average

which, for the last fortnight, have been brought into town, were, in numberless homes, set up in state by loving parents. This is a ceremony of no trifling importance, and is to be observed with a becomingly positive. Say that the tree is raised in the parlor, or say that it is in the library. One thing is certain—the doors are kept firmly closed, and the lights are not put on till the long evening, while there are tales told in the nursery, the muffled note of kindly preparation comes up from the street, and the streams of tinsel balls are displayed around the branches; the lighter toys are arranged everywhere in picturesque confusion; the *combino* is set in motion, and the children are made to feel the foot of the gleaming tree are seen the great toys—mechanical engine for Johnny and the luxurious, well-appointed house for Ada.

On the last day of the year, the children, in the days of Hendrick and his playmate Katrina, the fact is the same materialistic era which has made the Christmas tree the most claimed resource for Christendom. The modern Christmas tree is a real Liliputian engine, that can steam along a track laid along the roof; real Liliputian machinery, that can make progress on the waters of a mimic sea; real Liliputian cannon that can roar out defiance and are not innoxious to human life; Liliputian warehouses, with real Liliputian horses and real leather harness on them; real tools that can build real sheds and repair real fences, and for the everlasting variety—more of the same kind. The good, lively Judge, who is so quick in speed and is scarcely afraid of Dexter, and there is his sister, who is quite as realistic. Victrola by the way, is made for the purpose of being precious gift to Corrie, in the inn of the Thousand doors, a great doll, which has stood long after

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the lost soul-stirrer is left to presume that all the harvest has been gathered in. Verily Satan and a tough job lay in his collection in Wall and Broad streets. Bulls and bears met in friendly converse and showed their festiveness of spirit and universal good will. How the party yelled and screamed! The choros of negroes at a Southern chorus-shucking, as not to be compared to it. The demonic yell which arose now and again were deafening in the extreme. One cause of the uproar was as follows:—At about noon, and when the very day held a high washal, two individuals nearly but cautiously entered the heavy mufflers covering the lower part of their faces, made their way unobserved to the floor of the Stock Exchange. Their entry was unnoticed, and they were nearly under the dome when the echo was awakened by a pair of stentorian lungs, re-mnesting the price of new Tennesseees. The two men, who were dressed in the most elegant style, that the question meant. One young bull forced the elder of the two under the fifth rib and completely demoralized him, while the other, who was a real and a true Tennesseean, and whose ideas of Christmas theology were completely upset and their hats soon resembled the time-honored pile of Mr. William Barrow; but as they had not time to do so, they were obliged to leave the arena for gentler treatment (they had been raised pests) were unheeded by the grotesque assembly of the Christmas-crazed animals that surrounded them. The two men were carried on the shoulders of the jubilant members, and no sooner had they reached the sidewalk than they cried, "Legs, do your duty, you fellows!" It is interesting to be noted, and it is pressed that race that the chase of our Cannable Lee was tame in comparison. A gentleman who witnessed the tiger and the fight between the two men, and who was not a member of the Stock Exchange, pronounced the performance beat it, or the carnival at Rome, by long odds. Old men and youngsters joined in the fun, and the crowd was somewhat rough, but saw people lost their temper.

children with the same acceptance and wonder-eyed for centuries past, and will give rise to millions of strange questionings this morning as to "what the old man looks like?" "at what time did he come?" and "did he come down the chimney?" And of course there were whole baskets full of miniature sage dough, the tiny

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Offertory, "Ave Verum" .....	Millard
Sung by Mr. Fritsch.	
Elevation, "O. Salutaris" .....	Fischer
Sung by Mrs. Easton.	
The choir consists of Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Becker,	

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